

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

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Asking the Way.

Boys in earnest ask their way
Through the problems of to-day,
Just as boys have always done
Who have earnestly begun;
Just as boys must always do
Who would battle safely through.
Men of action who have won
In the races nobly run,
Men of honor who attain
Place and glory without stain,
Men of will and men of might
Who have championed the right,—
These were, not so long ago,
Eager boys who sought to know;
Earnest boys who asked the way
Step by step and day by day.

Selected.

The Great Value of a Little Pen.

The tongue is an invaluable instrument to those who would be helpful, but there are times when it is impossible to reach by the spoken word those who should be reached. Then how easy it is to write a message and intrust it to the mails or to the hand of a messenger! Sometimes, too, it seems wise to send a letter to one who is seen every day rather than to speak to him the word of cheer or appeal that one has in mind.

Paul was too shrewd a man to neglect letter-writing. When he was free, he was able to visit people in their homes and in their churches; but, when he became a prisoner, the pen was his one means of communication with those for whose salvation and growth in grace he longed. And what letters he wrote! John, too, was a letter-writer. Little children, fathers, young men, all had a message from him.

The Sure Standard.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"

Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;
A flag to guide the battle of each day,
A motto that will peace and courage give.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"

Wise words, that clear the tangles from the brain;
Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay,
And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"

This is the voice of God, the call of truth;
Happy the boy who hears it to obey,
And follows upward, onward, from his youth.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.



THE DUET—W. V. BIRNEY.

For The Beacon.

How Dimple was Lost and Found.

BY GRACE E. SNOW.

Just a roly-poly little fellow of two happy years was Dimple, with hair that looked like tangled sunbeams and eyes that surely had caught a bit of the sky's prettiest blue. In his rosy cheeks and in his fat little chin nestled the largest, sweetest dimples ever baby had, and this is why he was called Dimple instead of Robert Randolph Taylor.

Just how it happened no one could ever tell, but it began this way. Everybody but Dimple thought he was with some other member of the family, so each went to do whatever she liked. But Dimple knew he was all alone, to go and to do whatever his baby will fancied.

"I's all by myse'f," he chuckled, "and I's doin' to do dest as I yant to. Dess I'll take a walk, an' no un 'ill say I tan't." And away he went, as fast as his fat little legs could carry him!

The long afternoon shadows were creeping slowly across the fields when the family all

came to the piazza and found that Dimple was "all by himse'f."

"Where is my Dimple darling?" asked mamma, in alarm. "I thought he was with grandma, so I went to write some letters."

"I thought he was with Aunt Bess, so I went to take a nap," said grandma.

"I thought he was with Sister Rachel, and I went out to sketch," said Aunt Bess.

"And I thought he was with mamma, so I took my book and went out to read," said Sister Rachel.

Then began a wild search for the missing Dimple. They looked in the wood-shed, the carriage-house, and the stable. Grandma even peered into the big churn, and mamma looked in the tall clock that stood in the hall. Sister Rachel lifted the lid of the piano, and half expected her dimpled brother to jump up at her like a Jack-in-the-box; and Aunt Bess overturned the mending-basket, as if she thought he had crawled into one of the un-mended stockings. They called, "Dimple! Dimple!" everywhere, but no Dimple answered. At last they went back to the sitting-room to think what to do next.

"Where can my Dimple darling be?" asked mamma, sadly.

"How could we all have been so careless!" said grandma.

"It does seem strange that none of us thought of him," said Aunt Bess.

"Oh, I hope he isn't lost!" cried Sister Rachel.

"Bow-wow!" cried Rover, the big Newfoundland dog, as he came bounding into the room. "Bow-wow, where is my little master?"

"O Rover, Dimple is lost. We can't find him anywhere. Will you help us find him, Rover? Will you go and find my dear Dimple?" cried mamma, eagerly.

Rover stood still for a moment as if trying to understand what had happened. Ever since Dimple had first opened his big blue eyes in this world, Rover had loved him. The harder the baby fingers tugged at his thick, curly hair, the stronger the bond of friendship grew between them. To his mind Dimple was trying to show his love in a way that might be felt, and his affection for Dimple increased as the love-pulls strengthened. For an instant he stood looking from one to the other, then he seemed to understand, and he darted from the room with his nose close to the ground.

Just then papa, grandpa, and Uncle Jack came home from the village, and the dog was soon forgotten. But, before the sad story of the lost Dimple was half told, in rushed Rover again. His eyes were big and bright, and his tail wagged wildly, while the quick, sharp "Bow-wow! bow-wow!" said in the plainest of dog language:

"I have found our Dimple. Come and see!"

He caught mamma's skirt between his teeth and tried to pull her toward the door. Then he ran to it and stopped to look back to see if she were coming.

"I do believe Rover has found our dear little Dimple," said papa. "Let us go with him and see."

Away bounded Rover, the rest following him. He ran straight through the garden, across the road, and then right into the big barn. He paused in the doorway for the others to catch up with him, his whole body trembling with excitement. He lowered his sharp bark to a whispered growl now, as though he were afraid of disturbing some one. But his tail wagged the faster and his eyes shone the brighter, if that were possible.

When the others reached him, he seized mamma's skirt again and pulled her into the barn and up the narrow stairs to the hay-mow. There, on the fragrant hay, lay Dimple fast asleep! His little bare arms were thrown over his head as if to make a frame for the golden curls and rosy face. He seemed to be dreaming of the trouble he had made, for there was a broad smile on his red lips. His blue eyes opened when mamma knelt beside him and took him in her arms, and he asked sleepily:

"Oh, did oo all tum to found me?"

"Of course we all did; but, Dimple dear, how did you ever get away up here? We should never have thought of looking here for you if Rover had not brought us," cried mamma, covering the dimpled face with kisses.

"I don't know," said Dimple, yawning, "I was all by myse'f, an I fot I'd take a yalk; an' I tum an' I tum till I dot here, an' now I want my supper."

Dimple was lifted to papa's shoulder, his favorite seat, and they all went back to the

house such a very, very happy family. But no one was more happy than Rover. He was patted and praised to his big dog heart's content, and full well he deserved their praises. Nor would he leave his little master again until he saw him in his white night-gown, tucked snugly in bed. And ever after that day Rover would scarcely let the little fellow out of his sight, for he felt that the others could not wholly be trusted with so precious a charge as Dimple.

For the Beacon.

Why Dreamest Thou?

BY GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Why sighest thou for wider fields, O friend?
Why dreamest thou of nobler work and great,

When at thy very door lies untilled ground,
And untouched tasks thy hardy hands await?

Lo, at thy side, brushing against thy robe,
Stand those who cry aloud to Heaven for thee

To come and do the thing thou dreamest of;
Ask not for work but that thou mayest see.

Then will there be no room for vagrant dreams

Of high, strange labor, beckoning from afar;
Thy heart, thy hands, will be so full of these,
The dear, new duties calling where you are.

If that thy life were but attuned to His
Who made thee with thy work encircled round,

Then could'st thou hear a voice within thee say,
The place thou standest on is holy ground.

Thou would'st, like Moses at the burning bush,

Put off thy shoes, tread reverently, and see
Surrounding, common objects glow and burn,
Illumined, glorified, awaiting thee.

For The Beacon.

The Naughty Note.

BY ANNA ROZILLA CREVER.

Music was abroad in the world that morning, sure enough, for Miss Treble was taking a stroll with the little family of Notes that belonged to her staff. Do walked behind Miss Treble, Re came next, and all the others in their order. Such queer, tiny creatures they were, their white sunbonnets showing just above the wind-rippled grass.

The gay procession took the path leading across a meadow that was all sunny, warm, and sweet with violets and forget-me-nots. Everything seemed to catch the spirit of music and motion from these funny, wee rambles. The birds heard their pretty voices and began to do their trills and flourishes in their most artistic manner, and the breeze swept down to the ground, listened a moment to catch the time, then blew blithely away. Even the brook that flowed along where the meadow met the edge of the forest purled more smoothly over the moss-covered stones.

By and by they passed a band of little girls who were dancing around a beautiful maypole. They were trying very hard to sing, and such funny work they were making of it! The Notes wanted to laugh, but they

remembered just in time how impolite that would be, so they turned away and hid their smiles in their white sunbonnets.

"Little Ones," said Miss Treble, "we must go back and help the children with their singing."

The little girls said that they would be very glad to have the Notes help them, but the first thing the small helpers came up against was a difficulty.

"What shall we stand on?" cried Re.

"Let me see," said Miss Treble, looking about her. "Why, there is the fence. It's just the thing. There are five rails and four spaces—one between each rail. Isn't it fortunate that this fence happened to be here?"

"I should think so," answered round, chubby Do as she ran over and crouched down under the fence. Re came and stood up beside her. She was just tiny enough not to bump her head on the lowest rail, where Me was already perched, a little to the right. Fa climbed up and set her feet firmly beside Me's white sun-bonnet. Sol hopped up on to the second rail; La, who wasn't much bigger than the tick of a watch, sprang to the second space and Te sat down on the third rail. Do's twin sister, after several tumbles, reached her place on the third space. People said that she was the image of the round, chubby Do who crouched on the ground, and, as their names were alike, the only way they could be told apart was by the great difference in the tones of their voices. Re, Me, and Fa also had twin sisters whose names were the same as theirs, but whose voices were different, and they mounted to their positions higher up, Re-twin next above Do-twin, Me-twin nearest the top and Fa-twin to the loftiest perch of all. You can imagine how cunning they looked—all in a bias row on that rail fence.

Miss Treble held up her hand and said: "Ready? Sing!" and just at that minute something very unfortunate happened. A frisky, naughty spirit took hold of little Sol. My, how she did behave! She swung with both hands holding on to the second rail, then she turned a somersault and nearly knocked Fa off. Even Miss Treble felt the jar over in her corner by the post.

"Please be quiet, Sol," entreated Miss Treble. "We cannot help the children sing until you are ready to do your part."

"If you jump around and bump into the others we shall have nothing but discords."

But naughty Sol would not listen. She climbed up to the top rail, sat down and swung her feet back and forth through the space below. She tried to knock Fa-twin off, and then, before any one could think what she meant to do next, plumped herself down beside Me-twin, frightening her so that she screamed. The other Notes screamed, too, and held on tight for fear that Sol would knock them off on to the ground. It was dreadful—quavers and semi-quavers of terror ran up and down each little spine.

"Come here, Sol," commanded Miss Treble.

Sol slid along the rail toward the post, acting for all the world like an acrobat or a "Happy Chap" in a gym-na-si-um. After sliding an inch or two she would stop and perform. Holding on to the rail with her toes, she swung under and over; then, catching hold with both hands, she swung round and round like a ball strung on a wire.

"Naughty Sol," said Miss Treble, "did I never tell you about a beautiful Spirit called Law?"

"No," answered Sol.

"She is very, very old, but she seems as young as she was on the day God sent her to take care of everything that He had made. Ever since that time, the Sun, Moon, and Stars and all the plants and animals have been doing exactly as she tells them. They never think of wanting to be anywhere except in the paths where God meant them to move. The plants never want to grow down instead of up, the fish never want to live on land, and the birds never want to live in the water. But suppose the Sun should get naughty, leave his place, and wander off among the other stars, what would happen then?"

"Don't know," said Sol, saucily.

"Why, all sorts of terrible things. The planets would be thrown out of their paths. They would crash into each other, and there would be confusion everywhere. But the Sun is obedient to the Law, and, because he stays where God put him, the other shining worlds move on regularly in their paths, and there is order and harmony."

"But I get tired of always being in the same place," argued the naughty note. "I want to be high up in the scale where Fa-twin is. It's real dull and stuffy down in my place. Fa-twin can stand up and look all around and dance. I like it where she is much better." Sol stopped short, took another flying leap, and landed once more on the top rail beside Fa-twin.

But Fa-twin was ready for her this time. She shook her head and said, "No room for you here, sister: this is my place."

Then Sol tried to stay with Me-twin, but she found no welcome there. Me-twin said the very same thing, "No room here for you, sister: this is my place."

Sol thought that Re-twin would be glad to have her near; but, no sooner had she perched beside her, than Re-twin cried out impatiently, "Oh, Sol, you make me feel all nervous and fussed up: there isn't any room here for you."

Sol began to feel very lonely and friendless. "Oh, dear, dear," she wailed, "I'm all alone and nobody loves me, and I don't know what to do with myself."

"You're out of your order, Sol," cried all the Notes, together, "that's the reason you feel so lonely. Get back to your place. Can't you see that the little girls are waiting?"

Sol began to climb down and down. Presently her feet struck the second rail; and that very minute all the Notes sang, each in her turn. And Sol! how happy she felt and so contented! The naughty feelings in her heart all went away along with the jars and discords. She helped the little girls to sing with right good will, and the maypole dance went on merrily.

"I'm so glad, Sol," said Miss Treble, "that you went back to your place; for it's only by each one's being in his own place that the harmony in this world goes on."

Pluck.

A little rill came tumbling down
Upon the jutting rocks,
And got the very hardest kind
Of bruises, bumps, and knocks.

But up it bravely leapt, and laughed,
And went upon its way,
Precisely as a boy should do
When he gets hurt at play.



WINDMILL, HOLLAND.

Mottoes of a Great Merchant.

There is much in having an ideal. Life-mottoes are simply expressions of one's ideal. They have figured in the fortunes of many a man.

Herbert Whiteley is one of the greatest retail merchants in London. He went to that great city some years ago a poor boy, with no other capital than the determination to win. He is now worth millions and is a God-fearing man. He claims to have achieved success through these resolutions, always adhered to:

"Save the small earnings: they will make large ones."

"Never fail to fill an order after you have taken it: keep your word."

"Never say you cannot do what is asked of you."

"Never say, 'I'll try,' but 'I will.'"

"Never hunt for excuses, good or bad."

"If you have an idea, stick to it, use it, make it pay."

"You must either conquer or be conquered."

"Be something: always be doing something practical and helpful."

Catnip.

Some one at the Washington Zoölogical Park obtained the permission of the authorities to try the effect of catnip on the animals there. So far as known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, and this was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place; and, as soon as it reached the parrots' corner, the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that told fearfully on the nerves of all, and made for that side of their cage, poking their beaks and claws through it. When the catnip was brought near them, they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf, and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their cries.

Next trial was made of an African leopard. Before the keepers had reached the front of the cage, he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den.

Never was the prey of this spotted African in his wild state pounced upon more savagely or with such absolute savage enjoyment.

First, the leopard ate a mouthful of the stuff, then he lay flat on his back and wiggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor.

Then he sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw, and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes, and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where the rest of the afternoon he lay, the very picture of contentment.

In one tiger's cage there is a very young but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this, the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned lion near him to shame.

That vicious tiger fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into his cage. He rolled about in it, and played like a six-weeks-old kitten. He mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it, and, after getting about as liberal a dose as the leopard had, likewise jumped to his shelf and blinked lazily the rest of the day.

One big lion was either too dignified or too lazy to accord much attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful, licked his chops as though saying, "Not half bad," and then went back to his slumbers.

The three baby lions quarrelled over their allowance and ate it every bit.—*New York Herald.*

Do you know who you are? From that larger world for which we are born comes this summons to our slumbering spiritual nature. Do we feel no deep inner stirring as we hear that high calling? We are children of the King. If children, then heirs. Fear not: it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom.

CHARLES G. AMES.

A Gentle Hint.

Little Bobby had been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and, as Bobby is very obedient, he remained silent, although much affected.

"Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate."

"Won't you have mine?" cried little Bobby. "It is very clean."

For the Beacon.

Aëroplanes and Ambitions.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

A few weeks ago I sat on the grand stand at the aviation grounds in Squantum, Mass., and watched Grahame-White soar high in the air in his wonderful Bleriot monoplane, and dart over the sea to Boston Light like a great gull. And beside myself there were thousands of other people, and on the hills and beaches near by were many thousands more; and every one of us admired the skill and daring of the young man who could thus conquer the air.

By the side of me that day was a boy of thirteen who would have given anything he possessed to have been able to fly with White, and who would have risked even his life if he could only have sat in the whirling, whirling thing that rose like a huge bird from the ground. And every other boy there that day had the same desire to fly, had the chance offered.

It is hardly likely that the time will come for many years when every boy can wing his way through the sky in an aëroplane. But it is possible right now for him to rise higher and to do that which is even greater than flying above the clouds. If he cannot have an aëroplane, he can certainly have an ambition, and that is infinitely more important.

An ambition is simply the determination to do some great thing. David Livingstone had such an ambition. When he was a boy, working in a cotton mill, he determined to fit himself for doing some big task. He spent his first money on text-books, and read them as he worked. And afterwards, when he became a man, he reached his ambition's aim, and did a work in Africa that made his name known and loved throughout the world.

Now, an aëroplane and ambition are very much alike. They both are the means of making a boy rise in the world. Ambition means the climbing to a higher level. Always there are heights above us. Always there are nobler deeds to do than those we are doing. Always there are great tasks waiting for the men who have become strong and brave enough to do them.

The man without an aëroplane can never fly, and neither can you without an ambition. You must have the desire that grows into the determination to do the large deed. If you are content to do little things always, and have no ambition to achieve the great, it is not likely that you will rise very high.

Now, the difference between a balloon and an aëroplane is that the aëroplane lifts itself, while the balloon is lifted by the power of gas or hot air. Real ambition is precisely the same. Some of us are willing to rise if we are lifted by some power outside of ourselves. But ambition means rising by our own power. The greatest deeds that are done are those that men do by their own strength.

This means that we must overcome. The aëroplane rises only by continually overcoming the tendency to fall. It ceases to ascend just as soon as the motors cease to whirl the propeller. And to win anything worth while in this world we must overcome difficulties and never cease doing our very best. To stop means to fall.

Those of us who have watched the ways of the air-men know that safety is in flying high. The man who flies close to the earth is always in danger of running into trees or

of dashing suddenly to the ground. If anything happens to his machine, he comes down at once with a thud. And so it is with ambition. We cannot aspire to rise too high. Only the highest is high enough. We are safer when we leave far behind all selfish aims and mean motives.

Paste and Pearl.

We play at paste,
Till qualified for pearl,
Then drop the paste
And deem ourself a fool.
The shapes, though, were similar,
And our new hands
Learned gem-tactics
Practicing sands.

EMILY DICKINSON.

We print above a short poem by Emily Dickinson. Every word in it is full of meaning, but that meaning is not plain enough to be fully seen at the first reading. We want our young readers to try to explain what Miss Dickinson means, and so make this proposition:

Every boy or girl, not over sixteen years of age, who will send us a carefully written explanation of the poem will receive in return a little book. We have one hundred and fifty of these on hand. If more than that number of answers are sent, those who answer first will secure the books. *The Beacon* reaches every part of the country at about the same time, so that all have an equal chance, as we will take note of the date of mailing and not the time the letters reach us. The letter or letters thought to be best will be published in *The Beacon*.

In answering, explain (1) the meaning of the first two lines, (2) what it is to learn "gem-tactics practicing sands," (3) the meaning of the whole poem. The answers received will be judged by the Editorial Committee consisting of Mr. Allen French, an instructor at Harvard College, Rev. Charles W. Casson, minister of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, Mass., and the President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Send explanations to *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Perhaps you are thanking God for giving to you alone what He meant you to give to others.

Facing Life.

My boy, I have a word to say about this world of ours,
You have to shut your eyes to briers and only see the flowers;
You have to feel the benefit a rain or snow-storm brings;
You have to rise above defeat and make the best of things.
Be persevering in the right; be brave, my boy, and true,
And, when you meet your fellow-men, trust them and they'll trust you;
And, when the days are filled with care, and also when they're gay,
You need not mind to say your prayers, but don't forget to pray.

WILLIAM M. HOUGHTON.

The republic is formed upon the equality of all the citizens.

TURGOT.

RECREATION CORNER.

BERLIN, MASS.

Dear Sir,—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, the puzzles are very good. I saw in one of the papers that the Editor was not having many puzzles sent in—he would like more. I have solved some of the puzzles in the last *Beacon* (here are my answers) and have made up some.

I hope other children are as interested as I am in the puzzles.

From one of the Unitarian Sunday-school scholars,
KATHERINE L. CARPENTER.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 16, 3, is a metal.
My 14, 11, 2, 3, 8, is used in building.
My 1, 6, 7, 13, is done when bathing.
My 10, 9, 17, is a young dog.
My 15, 2, 10, is a jump on one foot.
My 12, 6, 17, is part of the body.
My 5, 8, 2, is an abbreviation of a boy's name.
My whole is the saying of a gallant naval officer.

STANLEY W. BIRCH.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

1. What town in England is one of the Presidents of the United States?
2. What town in New Jersey is a fruit?
3. What county in Pennsylvania is an author?
4. What town in Pennsylvania is a breakfast food?
5. What county in Virginia is a general?

KATHERINE L. CARPENTER.

CHARADES.

My *first* is magnificent. My *second* is what most children call their father. My *third* is money collected from persons living in hired houses. My *whole* are relatives.

My *first* is a place of defence. My *second* is a time of darkness. My *whole* is a period of time.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA VIII.—Declaration of Independence.
Fy! Fy!—1. Magnify. 2. Mortify. 3. Amplify.
4. Pacify. 5. Testify. 6. Justify. 7. Satisfy.
8. Certify. 9. Unify. 10. Classify.
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Paul Jones.
AMERICAN STATES.—1. New Jersey. 2. North or South Carolina. 3. Oregon. 4. Washington. 5. Mississippi. 6. Ohio. 7. Maryland. 8. Illinois.

Now that he is beginning to receive more letters and puzzles from the readers of *The Beacon*, the Editor of the "Corner" feels that the paper is well started on its winter's course. He knows you all enjoy this department, but he likes to receive the proof of it by hearing from you. This week one who sends us a puzzle adds, "My mother also made one," and forwards that, too!

Alison Douthit, Castine, Me.; Elizabeth Graves, Passaic, N.J.; and Katherine L. Carpenter, Berlin, Mass., have written us since our previous issue.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We do ourselves the most good doing something for others.

HORACE MANN.

THE BEACON.

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